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FORTIETH STREET, EAST OF BROADWAY

ON FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1910

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OF

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PAINTINGS DESCRIBED BY

MR. CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THE SALE WILL BE CONDUCTED BY MR. THOMAS E. KIRBY OF

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, MANAGERS

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JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796-1875

Was there ever a happier man than Père Corot, or one better loved by his friends? Happiness and lovableness breathe from his pictures. He had inherited the wholesome hardiness of the middle-class French character, its orderliness and balance, and its shrewd, genial, sprightly cheerfulness. His father, a hair-dresser in the Rue du Bac, number 37, married a milliner's assistant, who worked at number 1, near the Pont Royal. Two years after the birth of Camille, Madame Corot took over the millinery business, and with such success that under Napoleon I. Corot became court milliner. He sent his son to the high school at Rouen, and afterwards apprenticed him to a linen-draper's establishment. When Camille was twenty-three his father yielded to his desire to be an artist, and promised him a yearly allowance of twelve hundred francs, which he doubled twenty-three years later, when his son received the cross of the Legion of Honor, for, as he said, "Camille seems to have talent after all."

Corot entered the studio of Victor Bertin, and for five years pursued the orthodox course of classic training, afterwards visiting Rome and Naples in the company of his master. There he remained two and a half years, returning in 1827 to exhibit at the Salon. Other visits to Italy were made in 1835 and 1845; and it was only after this third visit that his eyes were opened to the charm of French landscape. He was nearly forty years old when he set himself to become the new Corot whom the world now knows and delights in, and ten years were passed in maturing his new ideals. Troyon was forty-five when he found himself, and had only ten years left in which to do the real work of his life; but Corot, although fifty when his art was finally ripened, had yet another twenty-five years in which to gather the harvest.

He had discovered the secret of rendering air and light. The "Christ Upon the Mount of Olives," painted in 1844, and now in the Museum of Langres, is the first picture which seems like a convert's confession of faith. One might pass the Christ over unobserved, but the star shining far away, the transparent clearness of the night-sky, the light clouds, and the mysterious shadows gliding swiftly over the ground—these have no more to do with the false, and already announce the true Corot. In the most characteristic works of his best period he represents the antipodes of his friend Rousseau. Rousseau was dispassionately objective in his point of view, a master of form and construction, rich in color, while Corot, weaker in drawing, saw objects in masses, narrowed the range of his palette, delighting particularly in dark olive-greens and pure greys, and vied nature as a medium for the expression of his own poet-dreams: the one magnificently powerful, the other infinitely tender. "Rousseau is an eagle," Corot himself said, "while I am a lark that pulses forth little songs in my grey clouds."

His father had given him, in 1817, a little house at Ville d'Avray, and here or at Barbizon he spent his time when he was not at Paris. How he felt toward nature (for

feeling was eminently the method of his approach) may be gathered from a letter to Jules Dupré, in which he describes the day of a landscape painter: "One gets up early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and sits at the foot of a tree; one watches and waits. One sees nothing much at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas on which are sketched scarcely the profiles of some masses; everything is perfumed, and shines in the fresh breath of dawn. Bing! The sun grows bright, but has not yet torn asunder the veil behind which lie concealed the meadows, the dale, and hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep, like silvery flakes, over the numbed-green vegetation. Bing! Bing!—a first ray of sunlight—a second ray of sunlight—the little flowers seem to wake up joyously. They all have their drop of dew which trembles—the chilly leaves are stirred with the breath of morning—in the foliage the birds sing unseen—all the flowers seem to be saying their prayers. Loves on butterfly wings frolic over the meadow and make the tall plants wave—one sees nothing—everything is there—the landscape is entirely behind the veil of mist, which mounts, mounts, sucked up by the sun, and, as it rises, reveals the river, plated with silver, the meadows, trees, cottages, the receding distance—one distinguishes at last everything that one divined at first."

How spontaneous a commentary upon his pictures of early morning—nature in masses, fresh and fragrant, the "numbed-green" of the vegetation, the shiver of leaves and the twinkling of flowers, the river plated with silver, and the sky suffused with misty light!

In the same letter he describes the evening: "Nature drowses—the fresh air, however, sighs among the leaves—the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. The nymphs fly—hide themselves—and desire to be seen. Bing!—a star in the sky which pricks its image on the pool. Charming star, whose brilliance is increased by the quivering of the water, thou watchest me—thou smilest to me with half-closed eye. Bing!—a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Be the harbingers of welcome, fresh and charming stars! Bing! bing! bing!—three, six, twenty stars. All the stars in the sky are keeping tryst in this happy pool. Everything darkens, the pool alone sparkles. There is a swarm of stars—all yields to illusion. The sun being gone to bed—the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, awakes. *Bon!* there is my picture done."

And very literally his pictures were done in this way during the last part of his life. Forty years of practice with the brush had rendered the actual record of the scene comparatively easy, and this he made in Paris, between which and nature he divided his affection. But the picture itself had been made during his periods of contemplation at Ville d'Avray or Barbizon. Suggestive, also, is his allusion in this letter to the nymphs, that hide themselves desiring to be seen. Corot, though foremost among the men who gave the final quietus to classical landscape, was really more classic than the classicists. More ordinary minds, like Poussin's, had been captivated by the forms of Italian landscape and the elegant pageantry of classic architecture, while the poetic spirit of Corot had found affinity with the indwelling genius of the scene. He could realize the Oreads, Dryads and Nereids sporting among the hills, groves and watercourses. They were the necessary accompaniment of the childlike glimpse of nature,

the anthropomorphic view which is the child-man's. Solitude is terrible; so also the intrusion of the actual. Like the ancients, he peopled nature with beings of his own creation: sweetly impersonal, responsive only to his own mood.

To Corot life was one unbroken harmony. "Rien ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour." His sister, with whom the old bachelor lived, died in the October of 1874. On February 23d of the following year, when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year, he was heard to say as he lay in bed, drawing in the air with his fingers: "*Mon Dieu*, how beautiful that is—the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen!" On his deathbed his friends brought him the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee, and he said: "It makes me happy to know that one is so loved; I have had good parents and dear friends. I am thankful to God." With these words he passed away—the sweetest poet-painter and the "tenderest soul of the nineteenth century."

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817-1878

Charles François Daubigny, the youngest of the men now known as the Barbizon painters, was born in Paris in 1817. His father was a teacher of drawing, and his uncle and aunt were miniature painters of enough importance to have their work exhibited at the Salon. With strong inherited artistic tastes, pencils and paint naturally became the playthings of his youth, and long before he had reached his majority they were the means of his daily livelihood. He began his artistic work by ornamenting articles of household use. He afterwards learned the art of engraving and etching, and became an illustrator of books. In painting he was a pupil of Paul Delaroche.

Defeated as a candidate for the Prix de Rome, not by competition, but because, ignorant of the rules, he was absent on the day when the preparations began, he resolutely determined to save every sou he could spare from his daily needs, in order that he might, as soon as possible, pay his own expenses to Rome. The story, as told by M. Henriet, is in substance as follows: Daubigny at this period of his youth shared his lodgings and his money with his friend Mignan, another art student. Both boys determined that they would go to Italy, and hoarded their small savings for that purpose day by day, not in a common cash-box, which they could open in a moment of weakness with a knife, but in a built-up hole in the wall of their room, which nobody could plunder without the aid of a crowbar; they lived sparingly, kept no account of their deposits, but remained in a delightful uncertainty of the rate of their accumulation till, at the end of a year, in fear and trembling they broke open the wall and let out a tinkling rivulet of small

coins, which amounted to fourteen hundred francs; with this wealth and with gaiters and knapsacks they bravely set out together and walked to Rome. They spent four months in Italy, and then walked home—Mignan to marry and Daubigny to resume his old employment.

In 1836 or '7, when about twenty years of age, Daubigny went to Holland. He, too, had heard about Paul Potter's "Young Bull" and Rembrandt's "Night Watch," and wanted to see them with his own eyes.

Daubigny, more than any other man of the Barbizon School, was a painter of delightful, lovable pictures. He had a singular appreciation, not only of what was lovely in itself, but what was pictorially beautiful as well. Ugliness had no place in his domain of art, least of all as a theme for technical display.

His early impressions of the country clung to him through life. His biographer, M. Henriet, says: "It is among the apple-orchards, in the pure air of the open country, that he passed his earlier years and imbibed that love of the fields which became the passion of his life." And so in 1857, when he exhibited at the Salon of that year the picture which won for him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, it is interesting to note that the subject he had chosen was "Springtime," and represents a peasant girl riding through a field of tender, upright grain, while on either side of her—the prominent features of the landscape—are groups of young apple trees, whose branches are laden with blossoms. The picture was bought by the Government, and is now in the Louvre. It is a charming work, executed with great delicacy and painstaking care, but wanting somewhat in that vigor of handling and richness of color which he attained in his later and riper works.

But although Daubigny loved the orchards, the vineyards, and the fields, it was the beauties of the Oise and the Marne and the Seine which finally furnished him the subjects of so many lovely pictures during the later and best period of his life. His preparations for sketching were original and complete. He built a large boat which he called "Le Bottin," and it became at once his floating studio and his summer home. And what a charming studio it was! Albert Wolff says: "The boat used by Daubigny was arranged for long voyages; the cooking was done on board; there was a good wine-cellar; you drank deep and worked hard. The sketches accumulated, and when winter was come Daubigny returned to Paris provisioned with the booty of art and nature, the landscapes which, toward the close of his life, collectors and dealers battled for."

With this boat for his river home, how absolutely the usual annoyances which attend a painter's work passed away! No longer now the tramp of miles to greet the fragrant, misty morn; no more the blazing heat of noon to interrupt his work; no splashing of a sudden shower to hurry him to shelter; but delightfully protected in his boat, with every appliance and needed comfort at his hand, he could paint at will at morning, noon, or evening hour, until the gathering twilight closed the labors of the day. And so, with his son Karl, and sometimes his daughter, for companions, he went up and down the rivers of France, mooring his house-boat to the bank or anchoring it in midstream, wherever a lovely spot invited him to linger. He knew every bend in the river, every bush upon its banks, every slender tree lifting

its foliage toward the summer sky, every deep pool with their reflections mirrored in its depths; and these he painted with such poetic fervor and such loving care that, beholding his picture, we forget the master, forget our own selves, and see only that which entranced the artist—Nature, idyllic, serene and robed in beauty.

That Daubigny had his limitations is simply to say that he was mortal; but among modern landscape painters it is doubtful if there can be found a man whose pictures have delighted a more numerous, more varied, more enthusiastic and more cultivated body of admirers than this painter of the rivers of France. Careful in his choice of subject in the first place, he knew no limitations as to the hour of the day in which to paint it. To him it was quite enough that the scene was beautiful. Indeed, this dominant quality of beauty, united to truth of local color and stamped with his own personality, is one of the most recognizable characteristics of his works. Who has suggested with greater charm the soft springiness of the green sod to the tread of our feet? Who with greater realism the freshness of the air and the scent of the earth after a shower? Who with greater loveliness the banks of the Seine, with its slender trees and overhanging bushes reflected in the placid waters beneath? Who with greater solemnity the hush of the night, when the pale moon mounts the sky, and sheds over hill and stream its veiled, mysterious light? Ah, all this may not be great painting, but it goes straight to the heart. Of him Edmond About says:

"The art of this illustrious master consists in choosing well a bit of country and painting it as it is, enclosing in its frame all the simple and naïve poetry which it contains. No effects of studied light, no artificial and complicated composition, nothing which allures the eyes, surprises the mind, and crushes the littleness of man. No, it is the real, hospitable and familiar country, without display or disguise, in which one finds himself so well off, and in which one is wrong not to live longer when he is there, to which Daubigny transports me without jolting each time that I stop before one of his pictures."

And thus the French author puts in words what we have all felt to be absolutely true about Daubigny's works. In them we find the most lovely scenes in nature presented with the frankness and directness of a child, but with the grasp and touch of a master. Yes, M. About is right. We do love to linger over Daubigny's pictures. In addition to many other qualities, they possess this potent charm: they are restful, peaceful, refreshing; and after the fretful annoyances of the day, which come to us all, their influence is at once a song and a benediction.

It is quite probable that other men of the Barbizon School at times were greater artists than he; they may have possessed a livelier poetic fancy; they may have displayed a nobler creative genius and wrought with a more intense dramatic power; they may have been better craftsmen and attained greater heights in the mere technique of art; but none of them possessed Daubigny's absorbing love of what was beautiful in nature for its own sake, or the exquisite sensibility and frankness with which he painted those familiar scenes which have so long delighted the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and filled their hearts with a sincere affection for the painter of "The Orchard," "The River" and "The Borders of the Sea."

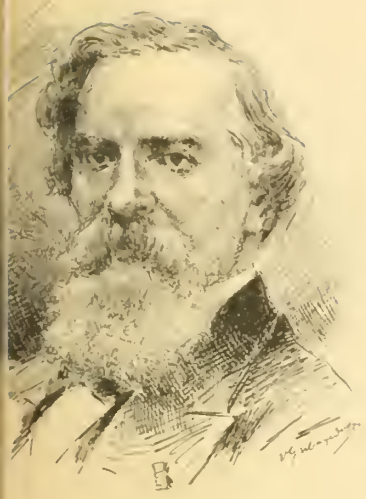
ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

1803-1860

It is a matter of record that the picture by which Decamps, the great Orientalist of his day, made his *début* in the Salon of 1827 was a figure of a Turk, evolved from his inner consciousness. The artist had not yet visited the East, and his picture was simply an expression of the tendency of his thought and feeling. Decamps was a Parisian, born in 1803. He was sent as a boy into the country by his father, and allowed to run wild until it was time to send him to school, when he was brought back to Paris. He had developed what he himself called "the taste for daubing," and was left to work out his own method of art without parental encouragement. Stumbling blindly toward the light, learning from the pictures he saw in shop windows and galleries what pictures were, he finally, at the age of twenty-four, produced the Turk which attracted attention to him in the Salon. The subject and the method of the picture proved attractive to the public, and the young painter was encouraged to proceed. He had an ambition to paint history, and strove for the Prix de Rome in vain. It was his life-long regret that he could not become a great historical painter, and he often bitterly complained of that neglected childhood in which he had learned such lessons of freedom and contempt for restraint that he could never afterward school himself to the arduous study necessary for success in the lofty walk of art to which he aspired. The world was the gainer by what he considered his loss. A brilliant intelligence, a fecund invention and a facile hand enabled Decamps to earn his living as a caricaturist while he was struggling for recognition as a painter. Some of his lithograph cartoons display a mordant and deadly satire equal to the written diatribes of Juvenal. Decamps' restless spirit sent him on many wanderings, and from a visit to Asia Minor he brought back the inspiration and material for the Oriental subjects, bathed in sunlight and glowing with slumberous color, which gave him a distinctive place among the masters of the day. In his greatest success his life was not happy. He had his studio and hunting lodge in Fontainebleau, and he divided his life between painting and hunting to dissipate his broodings on his disappointment in life. He had few friends, though with Millet and other artists of his circle he was on amicable terms. Medals and honors only deepened his disgust at his inability to create monumental masterpieces. Only his great mind preserved him from total misanthropy. One day in 1860 he rode into the forest with his favorite hounds to hunt. The baying of the dogs attracted the attention of a forester, and he found one of the greatest artists of the world thrown from his horse and helpless from an injury which proved mortal.

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807-1876



Diaz—of Spanish descent—was third member of the Fontainebleau group. A Frenchman only by the accident of birth, he became one of the Fontainebleau men by the accident of acquaintance. At Sèvres, where as a boy he was decorating pottery, he knew Jules Dupré, and it was probably through Dupré that he met Rousseau and virtually became his pupil. But before Diaz knew Fontainebleau or painted its landscape he had served his time in Bohemian Paris, painting small figure pictures under the influence of Correggio, Prud'hon and Delacroix. These fanciful little pictures of nudes, and of groups in rich costume, the subjects for which he got out of books and his own perfervid imagination, he executed with little labor and got for them little money. It is said that he sold them for five francs apiece, but the number of them was so large that even at that price he managed to live comfortably.

But these were the years of his groping in the dark. He was masterless, homeless, quite adrift. When he joined the Fontainebleau band and came under the sway of Rousseau's serious personality, Diaz himself grew serious and took up landscape painting with an earnest spirit. He never forgot his early days of decoration; his Arabian Nights' fancies never entirely left him. Even when he was painting his noblest landscapes he was often giving them a romantic interest by introducing small figures of bathers at a pool, figures of riders, huntsmen, woodsmen, gypsies. The landscape he did directly from nature, in the forest or on its outskirts, but the figures were figments of his brain, probably put in as an after-thought for mystery and color effect. The landscape hardly needed the added figures for mystery, for Diaz had a way of putting weirdness and romance in the light and air, in the quiet pools, in the trees themselves. With all their fascinating charm there was something solemn and impressive in his wood interiors. Still, it cannot be said that his work suffered by the introduction of figures. They lent brightness, liveliness, accent to the scene, and above all they were the high-pitched color notes of the composition. Diaz had a color sense of his own which none of the masters who influenced him in art could eradicate. There was a sobriety about Rousseau even in his highest chromatic flights; his color scheme was true, studied, exact in every respect. Diaz, on the contrary, was volatile, enthusiastic, capricious, and his work at times gives one the impression of abandon and improvisation. He knew the truth of nature, but he was no slave to it. Like Turner, he was for making a picture first of all, and if certain notes or tones were not in the scene he put them in. And who shall gainsay the wisdom of his course in doing so? A picture is not necessarily valuable for the amount of truth it conveys. Its first affair is to be a picture.

But the popular impression that Diaz was the unrestrained happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care painter of the group is somewhat wide of the mark. That a painter

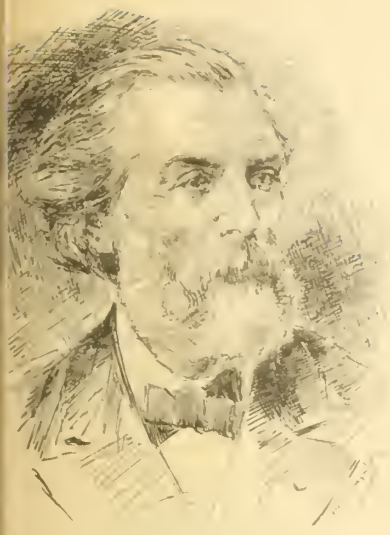
has a fanciful spirit and easy execution does not necessarily argue a careless hand or a superficial eye. Watteau was just as serious in his mood as Michael Angelo; and Diaz, though he had not Dupré's melancholy, or Rousseau's great thoughtfulness, was very far from knocking off his Fontainebleau landscapes with a dash and a laugh. He studied long and hard over his canvases, and the gayer-hued and more volatile they appeared the harder he had to study over them. Of course he was uneven in his work (every painter is so more or less), but one seldom finds him uninteresting. His drawing was not faultless compared with Rousseau's; but this comparison—and it is always made—is hard upon poor Diaz. Rousseau's drawing of landscape has never been equalled, and if there were no Rousseau we should find no fault with Diaz. Besides, drawing means different things to different men. Diaz would not tolerate outline where he could use the color patch, and in that respect he was a true follower of Delacroix. It is his color patch that people talk about as his "uncertain drawing," and they talk about it quite unconscious of the fact that Diaz meant it to be a patch, a tone, a value, and not a rim or a line. They often talk, too, of his "distorted lights," just as though he did not design them so with full knowledge of the result they would produce.

If we choose to run on in this vein, the light, the color, the trees, the skies, everything by Diaz—or, for that matter, by anyone else—could be written down as false to nature. But that is not recognizing painting as the convention that it is. The first and final question is always, "Has the painter made a picture?" And to that, in the case of Diaz, there can be but one answer. He made many of them, and most excellent ones into the bargain. His figure pieces are his slighter works, and are not the ones that gave him his fame. He lives by his Fontainebleau landscapes. He is the third man in the great triad, and, though different in sentiment, mood and individuality from Rousseau or Dupré, he is not unworthy to be named with them as one of the great landscape painters of the last century.

Diaz was more successful in a worldly way than either of his companions. His pictures sold readily and he received many honors. But he never forgot his less fortunate comrades. He bought their pictures, loaned them money, kept their heads above water, while ever proclaiming their merit. This was particularly true of Rousseau and Millet. He never let slip an opportunity for testifying to their excellencies. In 1851 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, but Rousseau was overlooked. At a dinner given to the new officers, Diaz made a great commotion by rising on his wooden leg and loudly proclaiming the health of "Théodore Rousseau, our master, who has been forgotten." The incident not only shows his loyalty to his friend, but his life-long belief as an artist in the greatness of Rousseau.

JULES DUPRÉ

1812-1889



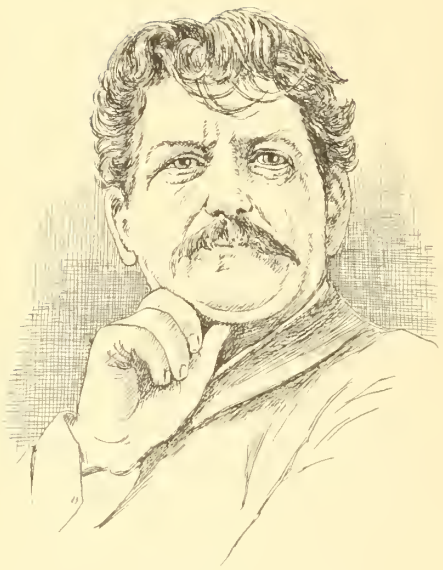
It seems only yesterday that Jules Dupré died, and yet he and Rousseau were the moving spirits who started the Fontainebleau School far back in the 1830's. He alone of the original group lived to see the work of the school appreciated—lived to see Rousseau acclaimed a prince and Millet crowned. He was born in the same year with Rousseau, met him early, and was his life-long friend and champion. They started painting together, and it is not possible now to determine who deserved the greater credit for the new movement. Suffice it to say that between them the naturalistic landscape of modern French art was founded.

Doubtless these life-long friends, by the interchange of ideas and the comparison of methods, influenced each other somewhat. At any rate there seems not a great deal of difference in their points of view, apart from the personal equation which neither of them could or would relinquish. Dupré himself said that they used to go into the forest and saturate themselves with truth, and when they returned to the studio they squeezed the sponge. Yes; but it was a slightly different sponge that each squeezed. The individualities of the men were not the same. Dupré had a melancholy strain about him, and all his life he was a somewhat lonely man. He was at his happiest when by himself with the storms of nature. He preferred nature in her sombre moods, and was forever picturing gathering clouds, sunbursts, dark shadows, swaying trees, wind-whipped waters and the silence after storm. This love of the dark side of nature appears as a personal confession in almost all of his work. It was his individual bias which distinguished him from Rousseau, who was fond of the sun and its brilliant colors. Yet beneath the rough aspects of nature Dupré saw with Rousseau the majestic strength, mass and harmony of the forest; saw the bulk and volume of the oaks, the great ledges of moss-covered rock, the sweeping lines of hills, the storm light, the voyaging clouds, the vast aërial envelope. His mental grasp of the scheme entire was not inferior to Rousseau's, but perhaps he had not the latter's patient energy and infinite capacity for labor. He threw off work with greater ease and was satisfied with a slighter result. But this only by comparison. As a matter of fact, he was a very strong painter of landscape and a superb painter of the sea.

Dupré's landscapes—the oaks of Fontainebleau under a deep blue sky with cumulus clouds, the outstretched plain of Barbizon, the grove with a white house and a pool of water—are quite as familiar as his marines. They are never lacking in a virile sense of body and bulk, and they are always pleasing in their air, light and color; howbeit the melancholy and the sombre view is there. He came at a time when the high register of impressionism was unknown, but his deep reds, russet browns, dark greens and cobalt blues are still profound color harmonies. Art changes like all things human; but the good art always remains good, the bad art always remains bad.

And the spirit, the poetry, the charm that a painter puts in his work, if it be honest, will never pall upon succeeding generations. The pathos of Botticelli, the naïve sincerity of Carpaccio, are just as pertinent to this century as the charm of Corot or Daubigny and the Michelangelesque strength of Rousseau. Just so with Dupré's poetry of nature's dark moods. Cloud and shadow, wind and storm, were the very wings of his muse. He loved them deeply and painted them with a lover's passion. Throughout his long life he did not swerve from his early allegiance. He saw others rise about him with different views, different interpretations of nature, different methods, but with calm dignity he held his individual way. Good or bad, what work he sent forth he would have his own and bear a personal seal. Such work is never likely to pall upon the taste.

Fortune favored Dupré with a more even disposition than his companion Rousseau. He got along with the world better, was more successful financially, and had less bitterness in his life. He outlived all the early tempests that gathered about the heads of the band, and saw the ideas they had struggled for at last acknowledged. His quiet bearing under success was as admirable as his fortitude under early failure. He was not easily turned aside or beaten down or over-exalted. The belief of his youth he carried with him into old age, firmly convinced that some day it would triumph. It has triumphed, and Dupré with Rousseau has been justified.



CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE

1813-1894

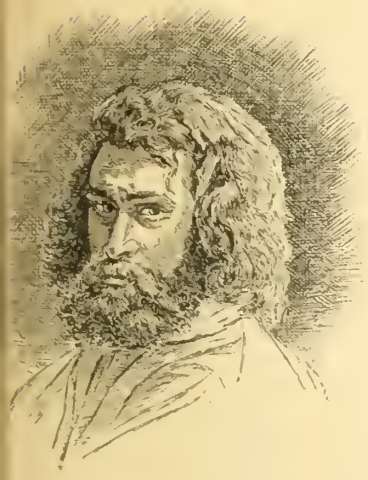
Last survivor of the Barbizon-Fontainebleau painters, Jaque reached a full meed of dignity and wealth. The varied experiences of his early life, joined to a well-balanced mind and practical character, had enabled him to escape the early harassments which had beset his friends.

Born in 1813, he was by turns a soldier and a map engraver, later practising engraving upon wood, and etching. In these mediums his first exhibits were made at the Salon, and they received awards in 1851, 1861 and 1863. His influence had much to do with the revival of interest in the art of etching, and examples of his plates are held in high esteem by collectors. Meanwhile, from 1845 he had been training himself to paint, although it was not until 1861 that his pictures received official recognition. His sympathies were with rustic life, and particularly with animals. The pig attracted him as a subject; he not only painted the barn-door fowls, but bred them and wrote a book about them. Yet it is for his representation of sheep that he is most highly esteemed. His experience with the burin and needle had made him a

free and precise draughtsman, while his profound study of animals gave him complete mastery over construction and details, as well as the power to represent their character. His fondness for them saves him from any possibility of triviality; he selects the essentials and fuses them into a dignified unity. While in the strict sense he is not a colorist, he uses color often with impressiveness and always with a fine simplicity and breadth. His pictures have much of the poetry which characterized the Barbizon School and found ready patrons during his life. The sale of his studio collection after his death produced the noteworthy return of over 600,000 francs.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814-1875



While the artistic atmosphere was torn with the cries of partisans, Millet had ears only for the cry of the soil. The peasant of Gruchy is the epic painter of the nineteenth century's newly discovered conception of the dignity of work. Nor does he blink the inherent curse of it—the sweat and pain of labor; the distortion of body and premature age; the strait conditions and unhonored death—but out of the completeness with which the life conforms to its environments he discovers its dignity. Narrow in his sympathies, for he ignored the lives of other toilers not connected with the soil, his concentration upon the chosen theme is so intense, sincere and simple that his pictures are akin to the amplitude and typical completeness of Greek art and to the stupendous ethical significance of Michael Angelo's. Trivialities are disregarded; there is scarcely even any detail of secondary importance in his pictures, everything being so completely merged in the one single motive. And the latter is embodied in such terse and vigorous simplicity, with such pregnancy of meaning and grand, serene harmoniousness, that in his best pictures one feels the truth to have been stated once and for all—to be, in its way, a classic.

Millet was born in 1814, in the village of Gruchy, near Cherbourg, and from the age of fourteen to that of eighteen worked on his father's land. But he had always a taste for drawing, and at last his father consulted a M. Mouchel, in Cherbourg, as to whether he had talent enough to gain his bread by painting. Mouchel's reply was favorable, and he and another painter of Cherbourg, named Langlois, commenced to teach the young man, who was now twenty. The studies, however, were cut short two months later by the death of Millet's father, and it was only after an interruption of three years that a subsidy from the community of Cherbourg, collected by Langlois, and the savings of his family permitted him to start for Paris.

Herculean in frame, uncouth in manner, *l'homme des bois*, as his fellow-students called him, the young peasant entered the studio of Delaroche. But the pictures of the master made no appeal to him, seeming to be "huge vignettes, theatrical effects without any real sentiment"; and Delaroche, after having been first of all interested in his new pupil, lost patience with him. He left the studio within the year. Then followed eleven years of penurious living and misplaced effort. He tried to paint in the style of Boucher and Fragonard, which drew from Diaz the criticism: "Your women bathing come from the cowhouse." He turned out copies at twenty francs, and portraits at five, and painted signs for taverns and booths. He had married and, his wife dying after three years, remarried. Then, in 1848, he exhibited "The Winnower," a characteristically peasant picture. It sold for five hundred francs.

This was the turning-point of Millet's career. His friend Jacque proposed that they should migrate to Barbizon. With their wives and five children they reached Ganne's Inn, just as the dinner hour had assembled twenty persons at the table—artists with their families. Diaz did the honors, and invited them to smoke the pipe of peace which hung above the door in readiness for newcomers. As usual, a jury was appointed, to judge from the ascending rings of smoke whether the new painters were to be reckoned among the Classicists or Colorists. Jacque was declared to be a Colorist. Difference of opinion being held concerning Millet, he exclaimed: "Eh bien, si vous êtes embarrassés, placez-moi dans la mienne." "It is a good retort," cried Diaz. The fellow looks powerful enough to found a school that will bury us all."

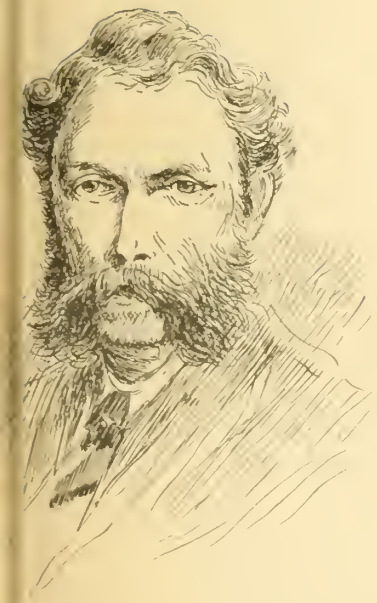
Millet was thirty-five when he settled in Barbizon and picked up again the broken thread of his youth, resuming once more his contact with the soil and with the laborers in the fields. Henceforth he gave himself up unreservedly to painting what he knew, regardless of criticism or contempt. At first he boarded with a peasant, and lived with his family in a tiny room where wheat was stored. Later he rented a little house at a hundred and sixty francs a year. In winter he sat in a work-room without a fire, in thick straw shoes, and with an old horse-cloth about his shoulders. Under such conditions was "The Sower" painted. Meanwhile he was often in dire straits. Rousseau and Diaz helped him with small sums. "I have received the hundred francs," he writes to Sensier, "and they came just at the right time; neither my wife nor I had tasted food for four and twenty hours. It is a blessing that the little ones, at any rate, have not been in want." It was only from the middle of the fifties that he began to sell at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred francs a picture. Even in 1859 his "Death and the Woodcutter" was rejected at the Salon. Rousseau was the first to offer him a large sum, buying his "Woodcutter" for four thousand francs, under the pretense that an American was the purchaser. Dupré helped him to dispose of "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs. At length, in 1863, he was commissioned to paint four decorative panels of the "Seasons" for the dining room of the architect Feydau. They are his weakest work, but established his reputation. He was able to buy a little house in Barbizon, and thenceforth had no financial cares. At the Exposition of 1867 he received the Grand Prix, and in the Salon of 1869 was a member of the Hanging Committee. He lived to see his "Woman with the Lamp," for which he had received a hundred and fifty francs, sold for thirty-

eight thousand five hundred at Richards' sale. "Allons, ils commencent à comprendre que c'est de la peinture sérieuse."

He went about Barbizon like a peasant, in an old red cloak, wooden shoes and a weather-beaten straw hat. Rising at sunrise, he wandered over the fields and through the farmhouses, intimate with all the people and interested in their daily doings. His study was an incessant exercise of the faculty of observation, to see and to retain the essential, the great lines in nature and the human body. This marvellous quality is particularly apparent in his drawings, etchings, pastels and lithographs. They are not merely studies, but pictures in themselves. He divests his figures of all that is merely accidental, and in his simplification reaches by the smallest possible means the fullest expression of the salient truth; and the decisive lines which characterize a movement are so rhythmic and harmonious that he attains to much altitude of style.

Even as a child he had received a good education from an uncle who was an ecclesiastic, and had learned enough Latin to read the Georgics of Virgil in the original text. He knew them almost by heart, and cited them continually in his letters. Shakespeare filled him with admiration, and Theocritus and Burns were his favorite poets. He was a constant reader, and more cultivated than most painters; a philosopher and a scholar.

In January, 1875, he was stricken with fever, and died at the age of sixty. His grave is near Rousseau's at Chailly, and the sculptor Chapu has wrought their two heads side by side in bronze on the stone at Barbizon.



ADOLF SCHREYER

1828-1899

There is no suggestion of the German in the art of Schreyer, yet it was in that most German of cities, Frankfort-on-Main, that he was born in 1828. Théophile Gautier, who was a particularly strong admirer, once defined him as "a Teutonic accident." He travelled much, and painted as he went. In 1855, when his friend, Prince Taxis, went into the Crimea, he accompanied the prince's regiment, and at this period he began producing those battle scenes which gave him his first fame. Wanderings in Algiers and along the North African coasts into Asia Minor resulted in those pictures of Arab life which are so popular, while visits to the estates of his family and his friends in Wallachia provided him with another of his familiar classes of subjects. Until 1870 Schreyer was a resident of Paris, but since that time he divided his life between that city and his estate at Kromberg, near Frankfort, where he lived surrounded by his horses and hounds, practising his art with an energy that advancing years was unable to impair. He was invested with the Order of Leopold in 1860,

received the appointment of court painter to the Duke of Mecklenburg in 1862, is a member of the academies of Antwerp and Rotterdam, and received first medals at all the important European expositions between 1863 and 1876. He died 1899.

CONSTANT TROYON

1810-1865

Constant Troyon was born at Sèvres in 1810. His father was connected with the Government manufactory of porcelain at that place, and under his instruction the son began his artistic career as a decorator of chinaware. By a happy coincidence for him, two unknown young men, named Narcisse Diaz and Jules Dupré were also employed at Sèvres in the same kind of work. Later on all three formed the acquaintance of Théodore Rousseau, and a bond of personal friendship and artistic sympathy was established between them which was terminated only by death.

Unlike the early Dutch and Flemish painters, these young men belonged to no prosperous guild, with its wholesome traditions and famous masters to aid them, nor did they obtain much of permanent value from the schools of their day. But, what was far better, they became in a large and vital sense their own instructors, they pursued their own career with nature for their guide; and when they died, they left behind them few heirs of royal blood to question the sovereignty of their fame.

To most of us at the present day Troyon is chiefly known as a great animal painter, especially of cattle and sheep. But it must not be forgotten that long before he began to paint animals he had won distinction as a landscape painter. His career in this field of art was marked by success almost from the start. His first picture was exhibited at the Salon in 1832, when he was twenty-two years of age; three years later he received his first honor—a Medal of the Third Class; in 1839 the Museum of Amiens purchased his Salon picture; in 1840 he obtained a Medal of the Second Class; in 1846 a Medal of the First Class, besides having a picture bought for the Museum at Lille; finally, in 1849, he received his greatest public preferment —the cross of the Legion of Honor. All these honors, be it remembered, were awarded him before he had publicly exhibited an important picture of animal life, and were bestowed upon him for his excellence as a landscape painter alone.

The year 1848 was the turning point in Troyon's career, for in that year he visited Holland, and it is said found there his true field of painting. It certainly was not Paul Potter's "Young Bull" which determined him to become an animal painter, for he was not much impressed with that over-estimated picture; on the contrary, with his originality and temperament, he was far more likely to have been convinced

by the sight of the large, fine cattle feeding in herds or lying in groups upon the low, outstretched Holland meadows, their massive forms outlined against the grey northern sky. He had not been without personal solicitation to combine landscape and animal painting. Indeed, long before this Holland visit, his old friend, M. Louis Robert, an old employé of the manufactory at Sèvres, had urged him to introduce animals into his pictures. So also another friend, M. Ad. Charropin, had given him, time and again, the same advice. Writing on this subject to M. Ph. Burty, the former says: "Year after year I went with Troyon to Barbizon. . . . On rainy days, when we were unable to sketch in the forest, we visited the farms, where the watchers of cattle and the tenders of geese posed as our models; more often still to the stables, where we painted the animals. Here Troyon executed the most charming things in the world, and from 1846 to 1848 I constantly implored him to introduce them into his landscapes."

Troyon's exhibit in the Salon of 1849 did not disclose any important animal painting, as might have been expected upon his return from Holland, but it did contain a landscape which clearly revealed the influence of the great Rembrandt in the magical rendering of light and shade. It was the famous "Windmill," of which Théophile Gautier wrote:

"It is the early morning. The sun struggles dimly amid the enveloping mist; the wind rises; then the huge old frame, with worm-eaten planks, begins to creak with regular throbs, like the beatings of the heart, as the great membranous wings stretch themselves in silhouette against the pale splendor of the dawn." It was this picture which marked the culmination of his success thus far in landscape art, and made Troyon Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

If Troyon cared for academic rewards, he certainly had received his full share. As we have seen, in the short space of seventeen years he had won every medal of the Salon save one, and to these distinctions had been added, as we have also seen, the Cross of the Legion of Honor; and yet, notwithstanding all this, and although he was forty years old, he had not publicly begun his real career. When in fact he entered upon it, splendidly equipped as he was, there unfortunately remained to him before his death the too brief space of only fifteen years in which to create the manifold wonders of his brush—only fifteen years in which to live a new life in art and establish his true place among the master painters of the world.

With what increased delight, therefore, he must have painted when he felt that he had found his true vocation, and realized that he was about to reach a greater success than he had heretofore attained! To secure absolute mastery of his subject, he spent no less than eight consecutive summers at the country place of a friend, making beautiful studies of running dogs, which he subsequently employed in his picture, "The Return from the Chase." In like manner he made superb studies of sheep and cattle. A friend of his relates how Troyon, after his return in 1855 from a sketching tour in Touraine, showed him what seemed an almost endless collection of great, splendid studies of cattle, most of which were, indeed, finished pictures; and when he expressed astonishment at their number and beauty Troyon quietly remarked: "I have made as many as eighteen in a month."

Troyon excelled in painting a variety of animals, as dogs, sheep, and even barnyard fowls, but he excelled most as a painter of cattle. Nor was it merely their outward forms that he portrayed. He had a realizing sense of their character, their habits, their life, as the willing servants of man. To us, those heavy-yoked oxen, with bent necks and measured tread, dragging the plough along the furrows, are living, breathing creatures; and those great awkward cows lazily resting their heavy bodies on the ground, and contentedly chewing their cud, are absolutely so alive that an expert could tell at a glance how much they weigh; and the spectator almost fears that a near approach may bring them slowly to their feet, and that they may walk out of the canvas. In a word, "his cattle have the heavy step, the philosophical indolence, the calm resignation, the vagueness of look, which are the characteristics of their race."

In these last and best years of his life Troyon never neglected his landscapes, even when the dominant motive of his picture was some expression or movement of animal life. He saw his landscape and his cattle as a pictorial whole, just as we ourselves behold them in nature, and the prominence that he gave to either depended upon his personal point of view. The result was that his success was immediate and complete, and his pictures made a delightful impression on every observer, whether artist, connoisseur or child.

CATALOGUE

No. 1

PAYSANNE GARDANT SA VACHE EN LISIÈRE DE BOIS

BY

J. B. C. COROT

No. 1

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1875

PAYSANNE GARDANT SA VACHE EN LISIÈRE DE BOIS

Height, 18¼ inches, width, 13½ inches

A PEASANT girl stands on the left bank of a pool watching her cow. The latter, directing its white face toward her, is cooling itself in the water in a patch of blue reflection, the rest of the pool's surface being dyed with the tints of the sylvan background. Sloping up from the right this forms a cone-shaped mass of ashy green leafage, cut by the bare angular limbs of three saplings. Half-way up it is pierced by an opening, through which is visible the blue of the sky that changes to white above the tree-tops. On the right, however, the upper sky is of the hue of a sparrow's egg. Lower down the blue becomes suffused with grey and still lower passes into greyish cream. The girl's figure, as she holds a basket on her left arm and a stick in the other hand, is seen nearly in profile. She is dressed in a short golden brown skirt, partly covered by a blue apron, a black bodice that shows the white sleeves of her chemise and a rosy crimson cap. But the colors are suggested rather than defined, delicately impressionistic like the treatment of the landscape.

Signed on the lower right, "COROT."

Collection LE COMTE ARMAND DORIA, *Paris*, 1876.

Collection EUGÈNE LECOMPTE, *Paris*, 1903. *Catalogue No.* 37. *Under the title* "*La Vachère.*"

Collection ARNOLD & TRIPP, *Paris.*

Described in "*L'Œuvre de Corot,*" *by* ALFRED ROBAUT *and* MOREAU-NÉLATON. *No.* 1924.

COROT

No. 2

ENVIRONS DE SÈVRES

BY

J. B. C. COROT

No. 2

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1875

ENVIRONS DE SÈVRES

Height, 13 *inches; length*, 18¼ *inches*

On a path which occupies the left of the foreground a man and woman stand in conversation. His figure presents the back of a slate-colored overcoat, while she is dressed in a gown of paler slate with black sleeves showing below a crimson tippet, her head bound with an orange kerchief. Beside them the scene is enclosed by a slope of leafage, dull olive-green enlivened with accents of grey and occasionally yellow. In the distance beyond the figures the green of the meadowland shows milky in the light, extending back to a clump of trees. These form a greenish yellow silhouette, touched at one spot with brown, against the creamy whiteness of the open sky. The latter, however, above the horizon, where villas nestle at the foot of a hill that ascends gently to the right, is suffused with lavender and streaked with a paler layer of the same hue. Above this the sky mounts through cream and whitish blue to deeper blue, where hover balloons of warmly illumined clouds. They are mostly on the right, overhanging a grove of young oaks that fill this side of the picture. Their silvery trunks support a volume of soft ashy green foliage, in the shadow of which a red cow stands motionless.

Signed at the lower right, "Corot."

Purchased direct from Corot *by* M. Bascle.

Exposition Durand-Ruel, *Paris*, 1878. *No.* 116.

Collection M. Bascle, *Paris*, 1883. *Catalogue No.* 20.

Described in "L'Œuvre de Corot," by Alfred Robaut *and* Moreau-Nélaton. *No.* 1544.

COROT

No. 3

LISIÈRE BOISÉE D'UN ÉTANG

BY

J. B. C. COROT

No. 3

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1875

LISIÈRE BOISÉE D'UN ÉTANG

Height, 16 *inches; width*, 12¾ *inches*

One looks across the water into which, on the right, two points of land project. The bank in the foreground, sloping back diagonally from the left, is fledged with grass and water-plants sprinkled with lavender flowers. A woman stoops to pick them, her pale blue waist and white cap accented clearly against the quivering delicacy of the water. This, on the right, where it is sheltered by the curve of the opposite bank, is a brownish bottle-green, flecked with white and pale blue. It is reflected from a mass of cool verdure that is cleft by the white, black-barred stem of a graceful birch. On the left of this two small trees unite their foliage in a bunch of light grey, softly blurred against a screen of foliage, embroidered with a diaper of cool grey and green. Beyond the point thus occupied the bank recedes in a cove that is bounded by another spur of land, lavender in color, on which appears a white tower with a red conical roof. Behind it the sky is a delicate grey-blue, while above the distant horizon on the left its hue is milky, stirred faintly with rose. In the mid-sky float downy clusters of grey cloud, whose tops are tinged with lavender by the light of the overhanging pale blue atmosphere. To all these tones the surface of the water tenderly responds.

Signed at the lower right, "Corot."

Collection Bessonneau, *Angers*, 1903.

Described in "L'Œuvre de Corot," by Alfred Robaut *and* Moreau-Nélaton. *No.* 1882.

No. 4

ARLEUX-PALLUEL—LE VIEUX PONT DE BRIQUES

BY

J. B. C. COROT

No. 4

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1875

22000

ARLEUX-PALLUEL—LE VIEUX PONT DE BRIQUES

Height, 20 inches; length, 35½ inches

THE bridge with its three arches crosses the middle distance. It is of stone with red brick-work inserted over the two left arches. Here above the parapet shows the blue back of a woman in a white cap, a clear bright accent against the masses of foliage, deep green relieved with grey and buff, in the rear of the bridge. To the right of this clump of trees a sand-dune dips and rises, sprinkled with scrub, while on the left the bridge leads to a bright green knoll surmounted by cottages. Above the latter, springing from the lower level of the foreground, a single tree spreads its delicate boughs. The sky is a grey atmospheric blue, ruffled with downy cloudlets of milky white. At the foot of the tree in the long grass sits a woman wearing a lavender waist and white cap, while nearer to the front stands a brown and tan dog. On the right of the foreground the scene is further enlivened by a group of figures. Two women are in conversation, while a child carrying a baby stands between them. Another woman in a blue waist and bright yellow cap kneels as if picking flowers, and a man, wearing a crimson cap, is chopping the boughs off a "stick" of timber.

Signed on the lower left, "COROT."

Collection OSCAR SIMON, *Dinard*, 1894.

Collection VAN EEGAN, *and exhibited in the Museum of Amsterdam*, 1895-1907.

Purchased from ARNOLD & TRIPP, *Paris.*

Described in "L'Œuvre de Corot," by ALFRED ROBAUT *and* MOREAU-NÉLATON. *No.* 2025.

COROT

No. 5

LAKE NEMI

BY

J. B. C. COROT

No. 5

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT

1796—1875

23100

LAKE NEMI

Height, 21¼ inches; length, 31½ inches

On the bank in the foreground a girl sits, with her staff across her lap, watching her cows that are standing in the water some distance back on the right. The artist has given to the figure of this cowherd, as she leans her weight on one arm, the hand planted on the grass, and gazes over the water, the suggestion of a classic pose and dreamy feeling that seems atune with the mingling of naturalism and classic serenity in the composition and sentiment of the landscape. Over the water, cooled by the greenish grey reflections of the surrounding vegetation, the light floats softly toward the girl from the central distance. Here a low hill forms a lavender silhouette against the rosy suffusion of the lower sky. The latter, as it mounts, pales to a warm ivory and thence to ivory touched with blue, passing up into a faint dove-grey, barred with dipping strata of feathery tufts of white. Its tremulous expanse is bounded on the right and left by the wooded hills of the middle distance that form a V with the horizon, where a pile of buildings nestles at the foot of the left slope. The color of these hills is a greenish grey. Pricked out in front of the one on the left is the dainty yellow, green and brown leafage of a tree with a twisted interlace of boughs, while on the right of the water rises a white birch trunk with a few tiny limbs frilled with leaves. The cows beyond show spots of dull red and black, while the girl's figure, in a yellowish drab skirt with a touch of blue on one sleeve and a golden white kerchief, makes a piquant note in the foreground.

Signed at the lower left, "Corot."

Collection Lévèque, *Paris*, 1907.

Described in "L'Œuvre de Corot," by Alfred Robaut *and* Moreau-Nélaton. *No.* 1638. *Under title of "Solitude."*

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris.*

No. 6

THE POND

BY

C. F. DAUBIGNY

No. 6

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

THE POND

4300

Height, 11¼ *inches; length*, 19½ *inches*

The artist has here expressed the sentiment of early Spring, when the virginal hues of nature have been refreshed by a recent shower. A pool occupies the left of the foreground, reflecting on its placid surface the pale grey light, mottled with the soft greens of the opposite bank and the faint blue and grey and rose of the sky. Three ducks are swimming near the front where the nearer bank curves from the left to a little promontory on the right. Its edge is fringed with reeds, and its mossy green grass is shadowed by a clump of young oaks, clothed with deep olive foliage. Between the trunks appears a level of meadow, receding to a low range of wooded hills that extend a bar of greyish blue and green across the middle distance. On the left the hillside descends in a slope of yellowish green grass, interrupted by an interval of sandy bank. Below the hill is an irregular line of bright greenish yellow poplars, and from these the meadow spreads in tones of amber-green to the margin of the water. The sky toward the left is dappled with grey-white clouds, but in the centre shows the underlying blue streaked with creamy veins, and on the right presents a curdled mass of cream delicately suffused with vaporous rose and lavender.

Signed at the lower left, "Daubigny, 1868."

Collection Jourdier, *Paris*, 1881.

Collection Élie Léon *Paris*, 1907.

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris*.

No. 7

THE RIVER MARNE

BY

C. F. DAUBIGNY

No. 7

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

THE RIVER MARNE

Height, 13½ inches; length, 25½ inches

One is looking over the river which crosses the foreground and disappears on the right round an angle of the opposite bank. This juts out into the water in a spit of meadow that slopes gradually back to a knoll on the left. Here is a clump of trees whose rich olive-green shows behind the pale green mass of a single tree. Sheltering the clump are six tall white-stemmed poplars that rear their plume-shaped tops high into the sky. A little to their right, almost in the centre of the composition, a single tree stands sentinel. It is a poplar whose straight trunk, fledged with tufts of leafage, branches out toward the top with two arms like a Y, supporting a pompon of foliage. The bank, covered with coarse tussets of yellowish green and pale brown grass, descends to the reedy edge of the river, where two boys are reclining beside a man in a black coat, who sits fishing. Farther along the bank to the right another figure in a rose-colored cap is stooping among the reeds, while higher up, on the slope, a woman in black and dull grey is walking toward the trees. The reflection of the latter stains the river on the left a deep olive, which is flecked with grey and amber, while in the centre the water gives back the grey of the sky dappled with faint rose and cream. Over on the right the surface is dyed with the reflection of the bank that bounds the farthest view of the water. Here is the sandy edge of the towpath, fringed with a row of limes, behind which the ground mounts to a hill. A still more distant hill forms the horizon, over which mounts a spacious sky of delicate grey-blue, faintly streaked with mottled layers of pale lavender and rose and cream.

Signed at the lower left, "Daubigny, 1863."

Collection James H. Stebbins, *New York*, 1889. *Catalogue No.* 62.

Collection Col. C. M. McGhee.

No. 8

LA SAULAIE

BY

C. F. DAUBIGNY

No. 8

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

1817—1878

LA SAULAIE

Height, 14¾ inches; length, 26¼ inches

The scene is translated into a delicate tonality of grey and brown, the grey tenderly suffused with rose, the brown with faint mellow green. Across the water on the left a woman stands watching two dull red cows that have stepped into the water and are drinking. Her black skirt makes a strong note against the grass, while the cool light strikes clearly on her white waist. Some little way back of her two tall slender poplars rise out of a mass of foliage, pale grey and dusky grey, relieved with a little olive and brown. To the right of this stands a single poplar, whence across the picture extends the farthest bank. It is edged with a line of willows that parts in the centre and shows a glimpse of faint lavender hills. Above them is a far-reaching sky of grey creamy vapor, faintly tinged with rose, in which float lazy wisps of rosy lavender and soft creamy clouds. Five birds are flying in the air and as many ducks appear in the front of the water. The latter gives back the tender hues of the sky, stirred with the darker tones reflected from the vegetation. On the right of the water, where the reflections are dark olive, flecked with yellow, a punt is moored beside the bank. Here rises a clump of bushy willows, three of their stems showing white against the fluffy masses of olive-green and amber foliage. In front stands a slim birch with a sprinkle of yellow leafage. On the right of it a vista of mossy grass, barred with deep green shadows, extends back to where three willow trunks reflect the light.

Signed at the lower right, "Daubigny, 1863."

Collection M. Roderer, *Paris*, 1891. *Catalogue No.* 8.

Collection Alexander Young, *London, England*, 1906.

Collection Thomas Agnew & Sons, *London, England.*

Illustrated in the International Studio, December, 1906.

No. 9

LE FRONDEUR

BY

A. G. DECAMPS

No. 9

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

1803—1860

LE FRONDEUR

Height, 25¾ inches; length, 32 inches

In the foreground, to the left centre, lies a section of the fluted shaft of a column. It has fallen from the high pedestal, which is still surmounted by a fragment of the shaft upon the plinth. Near the pedestal, lurking behind a slab of stone fringed with a vine, stands a brown-skinned youth. He wears a sleeveless jacket of old rose color, his feet and legs being swathed in white wrappages. A brown leather bag is slung at his back. Stooping, he peers forward, with arms pressed to his body, as he holds his sling, intently watching a white-throated eagle which is perched at the top of a ruin a little way back on the right. The bird is seen against a pale blue sky, where amid grey vapor floats one warmly lighted creamy cloud. Meanwhile on the left of the foreground, ensconced among the vines and bushes, crouches a woman beside the standing figure of a child in a pale blue robe. The woman's figure is clad in a white tunic and her dark hair is partly concealed by a red veil. Amid the bushes above her appear the heads of two goats. A golden tone pervades the picture, giving lustre to its rich tonality.

Signed on the plinth, "Decamps."

Collection Van Praet, *Brussels.*

Collection Secrétan, *Paris,* 1889. *Catalogue No.* 12.

Collection F. L. Ames, *Boston.*

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris.*

No. 10

THE BATHERS

BY

N. V. DIAZ

No. 10

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807—1876

THE BATHERS

Height, 9½ inches; length, 12¾ inches

This scene of idyllic beauty represents a sylvan pool. It appears to be on the edge of the forest, for the back opens to a vista of soft green meadows, with the distant view of a château in a walled enclosure, its tower rising against the blue of a gently curving hill. Over this horizon floats a large cloud glistening creamy white. The foreground is framed with trees, on the left being two firs, whose frond-like foliage mounts high up into the sky, while a slender tree with pale golden leafage bends over the water. On the opposite side the forest thickens with a wealth of green underbrush and a huge grey boulder. Near it spires up a larch, its white stem cutting the massy amber-green, pale yellow and grey foliage of a beech that spreads its cool shade over the right bank of the pool. Here a girl nude to the waist, from which depends a drapery of peacock-blue, stands beside the grey trunk, lifting up her arms as she toys with a branch. On the edge of the water sits another girl with a white and blue garment across her knees. In front of her a third, as she stands in the water, lifts up a white drapery and discloses her nude form. The group is completed by another girl, who reclines luxuriously upon the bank with a fabric of old rose wrapped below her waist. The water reflects the colors of the figures and their draperies and the hues of the foliage, a fantasy of delicate tints dappling the grey reflection of the sky.

Signed at the lower left, "N. Diaz."

Collection M. Bertrand, *Paris.*

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris.*

No. 11

THE GLADE IN THE WOODS

BY

N. V. DIAZ

No. 11

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807—1876

THE GLADE IN THE WOODS

Height, 18 *inches; length*, 26 *inches*

The foreground, like some of our Westchester pastures, is strewn with grey boulders that crop out suddenly from the sparse yellow-green grass. In the centre is a bare spot of whitish sand, near which appears a woman dressed in a pale blue apron, white waist and cap of pink rose. She carries a faggot under her arm and is approaching another woman who kneels on the right beside a heap of sticks. She wears a greenish blue apron over a brown dress, while a scarlet tippet and white cap add touches of brilliance to her figure. A little way behind her a young oak, with yellowish green foliage, leans toward the centre. As a pendant to it on the right stands a tree with straggling branches, possibly a wild apple, and farther back in the centre is the grey stem of an oak tipped with a blur of green foliage and some splintered limbs. The picture is closed in with a hedge that shows against the purple woods on the horizon. The lower sky is a creamy white passing into a pale blue, silted over with grey vapor. Higher up the blue grows in intensity, until it shows a slit of deep tone underneath a curtain of slaty clouds that tell of wind and storm.

Signed at the lower right, "N. Diaz, '66."

Collection M. Delondret, *Paris*.

Collection M. Knoedler & Co., *New York*.

No. 12

THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER

BY

N. V. DIAZ

No. 12

NARCISSE VIRGILE DIAZ DE LA PEÑA

1807—1876

THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER

Height, 24 inches; length, 29½ inches

A GROUP of Oriental figures is disposed across the foreground in attendance upon the princess who occupies the centre. Her head-dress is of turquoise-blue, embellished with a tiara of jewels and a plume of soft white feathers. Of a similar blue is her bodice, relieved, however, by a front panel of delicate rose. The whole is encrusted with jewels, as also is her blue girdle-sash fastened in a knot and hanging over a white skirt that floats away from the figure in soft wavy folds. It reaches to a little below the knee, revealing tight trousers of rose silk, embroidered with gold, and blue slippers. She wears jeweled earrings and bracelets. Her train of deep blue velvet is supported by a dark-haired child dressed in a rose-colored robe and a cap of the same hue decorated with jewels. The princess' lap dog is held in the arms of another child dressed in a white turban and a robe of pale crocus-yellow, opening over a white tunic, below which appear crimson, gold-embroidered trousers. Above the princess' head is a fan of white ostrich feathers, held by a dark-skinned attendant, who is dressed in a rose turban and a tunic of greenish yellow, scintillating with light. Behind him stands another male attendant, clad in crimson, who carries a circular fan, decorated in rose and gold. In the foreground on the right a dark-skinned girl, wearing a rosy golden gown, is kneeling in obeisance. Behind this group of brilliant figures appear on the left a banana tree with rich olive-green and brown leaves and on the right two grey columns of a pergola, surmounted with a bushy vine. Between these side masses rise in the distance the façade and pointed dome of a palace, glistening creamy white against the lapis lazuli of the sky.

Signed at the lower left, "N. DIAZ, '64."

Collection WALL-BROWN, *New York*, 1888.

Collection W. K. BIXBY, *St. Louis.*

Collection M. KNOEDLER & CO., *New York.*

No. 13

VACHES SE DÉSALTÉRANT DANS UNE MARE

BY

JULES DUPRÉ

No. 13

JULES DUPRÉ

1812—1889

VACHES SE DÉSALTÉRANT DANS UNE MARE

Height, 7 inches; length, 9¾ inches

Four brown and white cows are grouped in the water, the back of one of them sharply reflecting the cold light of a sky piled with balloon-like clouds. The white of these gleams on the surface of the pool, barred vertically by the brown reflections of the animals' hides. On the right the water is blurred with the olive-greens caught from a clump of oaks, slashed with the white of two glistening trunks and stained with the red of a woman's skirt. She is sitting on the bank, where her skirt and a black waist and white cap form a strong contrast to the surrounding greens. The mass of oaks behind her is relieved by a patch of reddish brown foliage. As a pendant to this clump, on the left, is a willow tree silhouetted against the massy green of an oak. The meadowland, stretching back from the pool, its green crossed in the middle distance by a streak of pallid yellow, terminates in woods that are veiled in a lavender mist. The cloud-forms, dove-grey on the under side, shine with warm white on their rounded crests, while the sky above them is penetrated with rosy grey-blue vapor.

Signed at the lower left, "Jules Dupré."

Collection Auguste Rousseau, *Paris*, 1900. *Catalogue No.* 27.

Collection Reitlinger, *Paris*, 1907.

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris*.

No. 14

LE VIEUX CHÊNE

BY

JULES DUPRÉ

No. 14

JULES DUPRÉ

1812—1889

LE VIEUX CHÊNE

Height, 17 *inches; length*, 20¾ *inches*

The scene is brisk with the cool light and moist air of a stormy day in early Autumn. The upper sky is filled with the turbulent fluster of grey and white clouds, parted in the centre by a wedge of pale blue. Lower down billowy masses of dark grey stretch across the horizon, rolling above strata of grey and white vapor. Against the latter the distant level hills show blackish purple. The meadowland in the middle distance gleams a pallid yellow, and the nearer grass is a dark olive-green, terminating in a bank of reeds and rushes, which fringes the water that occupies the foreground. It seems to be an angle of a river, and the dark of its surface is shattered by a reflection of the sky's white and grey, the light shining sharply white on the back of one of five cows which are standing in the water near the right bank. Here a punt has been drawn up on to the bank, and a man in a white shirt, which also catches a clear spot of light, is stooping to moor it. The bank on this side rises to a slight eminence, on the top of which is a one-story cottage, its white plastered walls interrupted by a door and two windows. It has a heavy thatch of olive-green, out of which rises a single chimney. To the left of this cottage stands a scraggy, time-worn oak, which has given the name to the picture.

Signed at the lower left, "Jules Dupré."

Collection M. Berr, *Paris*, 1902.

Collection Kaufmann, *London*, 1907.

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris*.

No. 15

SILVERY MOONLIGHT (LE CHÊNE)

BY

JULES DUPRÉ

No. 15

JULES DUPRÉ

1812—1889

SILVERY MOONLIGHT
"LE CHÊNE"

3300

Height, 25¾ inches; width, 20 inches

BENEATH a luminous moonlit sky the village corner with church and cottages drowses in warm shadow, the roadway being cut conspicuously by two shafts of artificial light. One of these streams from the doorway of a cottage that stands back of a red-tiled barn on the right of the scene. Behind the cottage, separating it from a taller one, spring two oaks, whose stems are tufted continuously with branches of deep olive-brown foliage, One of the trees leans over the roadway, so that the gabled end of the church and its turret and spire are seen beneath it. From the space in front of the church another bar of rosy, creamy light pours across the road. It is interrupted by the figure of a woman in a red skirt, black waist and white cap, who is walking toward the church. The scene on the left is closed in by the white end-wall and heavy thatch of a cottage, while the distance terminates in a grove of trees, glimmering pale yellow-green in the moonlight. The sky is tremulous with luminosity, a sea of blue stirred with white, on which ranks of creamy waves float up and down. Higher up the sea of blue becomes greener, until at the zenith it passes into a deeper greyish blue.

Signed at the lower right, " J. DUPRÉ."

Collection MADAME HUMBERT, *Paris. Catalogue No. 33. Under title of* "*Le Chêne.*"

Collection SCOTT & FOWLES, *New York.*

No. 16

MINIATURE LANDSCAPE

BY

C. É. JACQUE

No. 16

CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE

1813—1894

MINIATURE LANDSCAPE

Height, 4½ inches; length, 8¼ inches

A SENSE of great spaciousness pervades this little picture. The foreground is occupied by a broad extent of rough pasture, pricked toward the left by a hollow in which gleams the grey of water. Sheep are scattered over the grey-green and brown surface in a variety of characteristic positions, while the nucleus of the flock is massed on the right of the middle distance behind the shepherd. Leaning on his staff in a blue blouse he stands near a sandy path that leads back in a slanting direction to where the meadow is crossed by a horizontal boundary. It is studded with four masses of olive-green trees, and beyond the central interval haystacks are visible against the faint blue of the farthest line of hills. The details of the scene are clearly illumined by the cool light of a bluish white sky, fermenting with white and greyish vapor, and here and there a touch of warmer cream.

Signed on the lower right, "CH. JACQUE."

No. 17

THE SHEPHERDESS

BY

C. É. JACQUE

No. 17

CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE

1813—1894

THE SHEPHERDESS

Height, 32 inches; width, 25¾ inches

The scene is a hill-side pasture, sloping up from the foreground and sheltered by a grove of oaks. The grass in places is sown with stones and sprinkled with bushes. Scattered over it is a flock of sheep; conspicuous on the right of the foreground being two lambs, one standing and rubbing its nose against the body of the other which is lying down. The shepherdess, in a brown dress with white sleeves, a pale blue apron and a bluish white handkerchief over her head, has laid aside her crook and is sitting with her face in her hand. Close beside her is the trunk of an oak, splintered off a few feet from the ground. It stands beside a tall oak with silvered bark that rears its bare branches against a stretch of dull slaty sky. In the rear of this tree is a mass of rich verdure, to the left of which a young oak spreads the pale masses of its crisp green leafage athwart a fluster of brightly illumined white clouds. Other trees stand back on the left, where the sky is overcast with grey. In the cool light the various greens take on a depth and richness of hue, and the various details are pricked out with vivid distinctness.

Signed at the lower left, "Ch. Jacque, 1875."

Bought from the artist by Goupil & Co., *Paris*, 1875.

Collection Boussod, Valadon & Co., *Paris*, 1908.

No. 18

GOING TO WORK—DAWN OF DAY

BY

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

No. 18

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814—1875

GOING TO WORK—DAWN OF DAY

Height, 21½ *inches; width*, 18 *inches*

In the early morning a youth and a young girl are on their way to work. They are moving across a stretch of brownish olive-green meadow that passes into tones of amber and olive as it slopes up gradually toward the rear. In the distance, on the left, appears a level vista, more brightly lighted, where in the rising mist are faintly discernible some cows and the figure of a girl in a pale rose skirt and white cap. The vista melts into a creamy horizon, above which is a sky of delicate grey-blue, skeined with pale amber layers of filmy vapor. Contrasted with the etherealization of the sky are the stern simplicity of the foreground and the rugged plastic character of the two principal figures. The youth walks with a free stride, his muscular legs tightly encased in coarse greyish olive trousers, ragged-edged above the bare ankles, his feet in wooden sabots, from which some ends of straw protrude. He wears a turquoise-blue blouse and carries a fork over his right shoulder, while his left hand is thrust into his trouser pocket, and the blade of a spade appears from under his left arm. A brown felt hat casts a shadow over his ruddy face, so that the light only touches the angle of his left jaw and glints on the white collar of his shirt. His face is turned slightly toward the girl's face, whose gaze meets his. It peers out of a shadow that leaves only the nose and left cheek lighted, for she is wearing her basket like a bonnet on her head, steadying it by its handle with her right hand. Her ripe young body is clad in a tight-fitting olive-drab dress, over which hangs a coarse whitish apron. The two faces have a mutual expression of dumb sympathy and hesitating tenderness. But the action of the bodies is characterized by decision and energy, not less remarkable for naturalness than for the classic rhythm of its movement.

Signed at the lower left, "J. F. Millet."

Collection M. Knoedler & Co., *New York*.

Collection John T. Martin, *New York*, 1908.

No. 19

THE WEARY WAYFARERS

BY

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

No. 19

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1814—1875

THE WEARY WAYFARERS

(Crayon Drawing)

Height, 14 *inches; length*, 19¼ *inches*

Two wayfarers have halted on the road to question a shepherd, who is pointing out the direction of their bourne. Beyond the foreground is suggestion of the long monotony of a level country, interrupted by the indication of a village and here and there a tree, but otherwise stretching without variety to the distant horizon, The travellers betray the suavity and supple refinement of the city. One has doffed his hat with a sweeping bow, the other, while he shades his eyes from the glare of the sun, rests the hand which holds his staff upon his hip, a cloak that hangs over his arm completing the grace of the gesture. Both, however, wear coarse clothes, one a blue blouse, the other a loose jacket unbuttoned, their trousers being rolled up over the ankles and their feet shod with sabots. The man in blue carries a bundle slung on a stick over his shoulder. To their rather weary attitudes and gestures of easy politeness the shepherd's figure presents a contrast of monumental austerity and strength. It is wrapped in a long black cloak that, as the man stands with his back to us, makes a strong vertical line from the left shoulder, continued down the leg, but assumes a fine curve on the right side because of the upraised arm. His head, with a felt hat on it, is turned toward the strangers, while his right foot rests on the slope of a mound that rises at the right of the composition. The severe simplicity of this mass of ground assists the statuesque character of the shepherd's figure and at the same time accentuates the long drawn-out effect of the receding landscape. At the shepherd's feet his black dog stands eyeing the strangers; beyond the latter the flock is massed and a few sheep appear on the mound against the sky.

Signed at the lower right, "J. F. Millet."

Collection Georges Petit, *Paris.*

Collection Defoer Bey, *Paris.*

Collection Alexander Reid, *Glasgow.*

Collection Alexander Young, *London*, 1906.

Collection M. Knoedler & Co., *New York.*

Illustrated in the International Studio, November, 1906.

No. 20

THE BURSTING SHELL

BY

A. SCHREYER

No. 20

ADOLF SCHREYER

1828—1899

THE BURSTING SHELL

Height, 25¼ inches; length, 40¾ inches

Two Arab horsemen have been checked in mid-gallop by a shell that lies smoking on the right of the foreground. One has wheeled his horse round so that its white tail and stern, partly covered with a crimson saddle-cloth, are full to the front. The rider's back is toward us, wrapped in a drab cloak that reveals some of the blue and white of the under-garments. He holds a rifle and turns his head over his shoulder toward the shell as he gallops off. His companion's horse is swerving to the side, the forefeet off the ground, the head high in air. He is a white, dappled with chestnut over the head, neck and tail, handsomely accoutred in a saddle-cloth of peacock-blue with gold-embroidered border and in blue headgear with a tassel suspended from the martingale. The rider is swathed in white, which shows part of a dull crimson jacket, and wears a red fez with black tassel, while across his knees hangs a silk drapery of delicate chrome-yellow. He carries a furled flag, whose silky folds of apple-green make a vivid spot against the slaty sky, murky with smoke and dust. The light strikes conspicuously on this man's shoulder and his horse's stern. The other horse and rider are in shadow, and in a deeper shadow beyond them, on the left, appears a body of Arab cavalry at the gallop. In the distance on the right two horsemen are descending a gully, on the opposite side of which rise sandy hillocks.

Signed on the lower right, "Ad. Schreyer, 1870."

Collection Scott & Fowles, *New York.*

No. 21

LA CHARRETTE DE FOIN

BY

C. TROYON

No. 21

CONSTANT TROYON

1810—1865

LA CHARRETTE DE FOIN

Height, 30¾ *inches; length*, 44 *inches*

THE lower sky is filled with greyish vapor, which grows whiter toward the zenith and shows intervals of blue. There is a stir of breeze, but the light, though veiled, is warm and gives a liquid quality to all the hues. In the foreground lies a "stick" of timber, at the end of which a brown dog and a white one stand facing each other. Beyond them a stream of shallow water crosses the picture, its surface sprightly with reflected tints. A white cart-horse, a blue cloth edged with red on its back and a blue coat hanging over the flap of the collar, is standing in the water. The waggoner is seen behind him dressed in a blue blouse and golden brown breeches. He holds up a stick as he turns the horse with its head down stream, so that the two oxen which are yoked behind it may hold the hay-cart back down the little slope that leads to the water. One of the oxen is a pale dun, its yoke-mate white with a reddish brown head and neck. The two-wheeled cart is piled high with hay that glistens in tones of amber-green. Behind the cart follows a man in shirt sleeves, with a fork over his shoulder, accompanied by a woman in a brownish plum dress, white cap and apron, and a boy who is frisking with a dog. Behind this group the meadow recedes to dull purplish hills, which, crossing the horizon, approach nearer on the right and become greener. The scene is enclosed on the right by the end of a thatched barn, its drab walls rising close beside the stream. Near it stand four slender trees with delicate leafage that grow out of a mass of deep green shrubbery.

Signed on the lower left, "C. TROYON."

Collection PRINCE WOROUZOFF, *Florence.*

Collection ALEXANDER YOUNG, *London*, 1906.

Collection SCOTT & FOWLES, *New York.*

Illustrated in the International Studio, November, 1906.